



The BERKSHIRE LADY'S GARLAND: Or,
Batchelors of every Station.

Batchelors of every station,
mark this strange and true relation,
Which in brief to you I'll bring;
Never was a stranger thing.

You shall find it worth the hearing,
Loyal love is most endearing,
When it takes the deepest root,
Yielding gold and charms to boot.

Some will wed for gold and treasure,
But the sweetest joy and pleasure,
Is in faithful love you'll find,
Graced with a noble mind.

Such a noble disposition,
Had this lady with submission,
Of whom I this sonnet write,
Store of wealth and beauty bright.

She had left by a good grannum,
Full five thousand pounds per annum,
Which she held without controul:
Thus she did in riches roul.

Tho' she had great store of riches,
Which some persons most bewitches;
Yet she bore a curious mind,
Nor the least to pride inclin'd.

Many noble persons courted
This young lady 'tis reported
But their labour prov'd in vain,
They could not her favour gain.

Tho' she made such stout resistance,
Yet by Cupid's true assistance,
She was conquer'd after all,
How it was dec're I shall:

Being at a noble wedding,
Near the famous town of Reading,
A young gentleman she saw,
Which belonged to the law.

As the view'd his sweet behaviour,
His very courteous carriage gave her
New additions to her grief,
Forc'd she was to seek relief.

Privately she then enquired,
About him she so much desired,
Both his name and where he dwelt,
Such was the hot flame she felt.

Then at night this youthful lady,
Call'd her coach, which being ready
Homeward straight she did return,
But her heart in flames did burn.

P A R T II.

Night and morning for a season,
in her closet would she reason
With herself, and often said,
Why has love my heart betray'd?

I that have so many slighted,
Am at last so well requited;
For my griefs are not a few,
Now I find what love can do.

He that has my heart a keeping,

Tho' for his sake I ly a weeping,
Little knows what grief I feel,
But I'll try it with a steel.

For I will a challenge send him,
And appoint where I'll attend him,
In a grove without delay,
By the dawning of the day.

He will not in the least discover,
That I am his virgin lover,
By the challenge which I send,
But for justice I contend.

He hath caus'd great distraction,
And I am full of satisfaction,
Which if he denies to give,
One of us shall cease to live.

Having thus her mind revealed,
She a letter clos'd and sealed
Now when it came to his hand,
The young man was at a stand.

In the letter she conjur'd him,
For to meet and well assur'd him,
Recompence he must afford,
Or dispute it with the sword.

Having read this strange relation,
He was in a consternation;
Then advising with a friend,
He persuades him to attend.

Be of courage and make ready,
Faint heart never wan fair lady,
In regard it must be so,
I along with you will go.

P A R T III.

Early in a summer's morning,
While bright Phæbus was adorning
Every bower with his beams,
The fair lady came it seems.

At the bottom of a mountain,
Near a pleasant crystal fountain,
There she left her gilded coach,
While the grove she did approach.

Cover'd with a mask and walking,
There she met her lover talking
With a friend that he had brought,
Straight she ask'd him what he sought?

I am challeng'd by a gallant,
Who resolves to try my talent,
What he is I cannot say,
But I hope to give him play.

Lady] It was I that did invite you,
You shall wed me or I'll fight you,
Underneath this spreading trees,
Therefore choose you which you please.
You shall find it not a vapour,
I have brought my trusty rapier,
Therefore take your choice said she,
Either fight or marry me,

Said he, madam, pray what mean ye
In my life I've never seen you,

Pray unmask your visage now,
Then I'll tell you I or no,
Lady] I will not uncover,
Till the marriage rites are over,
Therefore choose you which you will,
Wed me fir, or shew your skill.

Step within the pleasant bower,
With your friend one single hour,
Strive your thoughts to reconcile,
And I'll wander here the while.

While this charming lady waited,
The young batchelor debated,
What was now best to be done,
Quoth his friend the hazard run.

If my judgement may be trusted,
Wed fir, you cannot be worsted,
If she's rich she'll raise your fame,
If she's poor you are the same.

He consented to be married,
In a coach they were both carried,
To a church without delay,
Where he weds the lady gay.

These sweet pretty cupid's hover'd,
Round her eyes her face was cover'd
With a mask, he took her thus,
Just for better and for worse.

With a courteous kind behaviour,
She presents his friend a favour,
And withal sent him away,
That he might no longer stay.

P A R T IV

As the gilded coach stood ready,
The young lover and his lady,
Rode together till they came
To her house of state and fame:

Which appeared like a castle,
Where he might behold a parcel
Of young cedars tall and straight
Just before the palace gate.

Hand in hand they walked together
To a hall or parlour rather,
Which was beautiful and fair,
All alone she left him there.

Two long hours, there he waited
Her return at length he fretted,
And began to grieve at last,
For he had not broke his fast.

Still he sat as one amazed,
Round a spacious room he gazed,
Which was richly beautified,
But alas he lost his bride!

There was weeping, laughing, sneering,
All within the lawen bearing,
But his bride he could not see,
Would I were at home thought he.

While his heart was melancholy
Said the steward brisk and jolly,
Tell me friend how came you here,

You have had some bad design I fear.
He replied dear loving master,
You shall meet with no disaster,
Through my means in any case,
Madam brought me to this place.

Then the steward did retire,
About the matter to enquire,
Whether it was true or no,
Ne'er was a lover hamper'd so.

Now the lady who had fill'd him,
With those fears full well beheld him,
From a window where she drest,
Pleased at the pleasant jest.

When she had herself attired,
In rich robes to be admired,
Like a moving angel bright,
She appeared in his sight.

Sir my servants have related,
How that you two hours have waited
In my parlour; tell me who
In my house that ye do know?

Madam, if I have offended,
It was more than I intended,
A young lady brought me here,
That is true said she my dear.

I cannot be no longer cruel.
To my dear and only jewel,
Thou art mine and I am thine,
Heart and hand I do resign.

Once I was your wounded lover,
Now my fear and sorrows over,
By receiving what I gave;
Thou art lord of all I have.

Beauty, honour, love and pleasure,
A rich golden game of pleasure,
With this lady he enjoys,
Thank's to Cupid's kind decoys.

Now he's clothed in rich attire,
Far superior to a squire,
Beauty, honour, riches, store,
What can a man desire more.

The BIRKS of INVERMAY.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.

Let us Amanda, timely wife,
Let them improve each hour that flies,
and in soft raptures waste the day,
among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
and age, life's winter will appear,
as this your charming bloom will fade,
as that will strip the verdant shade,

Our taste for pleasure then is o'er.
The feather'd songsters sing no more,
But while they droop and we decay,
adieu ye birks of Invermay.